Scœna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* coming; if he do (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe; here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: & I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedebate: his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qui. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers paring-knife?

Si. No forſooth, he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard, a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth, but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head; hee hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you; oh, I ſhould remember him, do's hee not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qui. Well, heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune, Tell Maſter Parſon, *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter; *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh——

Ru. Out alas, here comes my Maſter.

Qu. Wee ſhall all be ſhent; Run in here, good young man;

man, goe into this Cloſſet: hee will not ſtay long? wh
Iohn Rugby? Iohn; what *Iohn* I ſay? goe *Iohn*, goe enquire f
my Maſter, I doubt hee be not well, that hee comes n
home, (*and downe, downe, downe'a, &c.*

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des toyes, pray y
goe and vetch me in my Cloſſt, vnboyteene verd; a Box
greene-a-Box; do intend vat I ſpeake? greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himſelfe: if hee had found t
yong man he would haue beene horne-mad.

*Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for chando, le man voi a le Co
la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:
Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby, Iohn*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugb*
Come, take your Rapier, and come after my heele to t
Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot, I tarry too long, od's-me: *que ay ie oub*
dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I vill not for t
varld I ſhall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, and be ma

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Cloſſet?
Villaine, La-roone; *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet, here
no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke; heare t
truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parſ
Hugh.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth: to deſire her to——

Qu. Peace, I pray you.